



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

“WITHIN THY GATES, O JERUSALEM.”

By HON. SELAH MERRILL, D.D., LL.D.,
Jerusalem.

“WITHIN thy gates, O Jerusalem.” Multitudes have adopted this language as their own and exclaimed with a thrill of joy that “at last the dream of a lifetime is fulfilled and we are permitted to visit the Holy City.” The rough and unlettered but devout pilgrim from darkest Russia feels his heart beat with pride as he draws near to this sacred spot, and even the critical Bible student from western lands rises, for a time at least, above the unemotional stupor of his life, when he actually reaches the city where David reigned, where his Lord Christ was crucified. If any place built by human hands can stir the emotions, it is Jerusalem. That heart must be dead that is not powerfully moved by the associations of this ancient city. These stirrings of soul are not matters of merchandise; they do not pass from one to another by inheritance; they constitute a rare phase of experience gained only by each individual for himself, and which, once gained, cannot be imparted to another.

“Within thy gates, O Jerusalem”—where everything is wonderful! No other city has a similar place in history, no other has an equally tenacious hold on the heart of the world. Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians, numbering many millions of our race, peoples widely differing in every other respect, alike turn their eyes thither with peculiar affection. Of such an honor neither Rome nor Mecca can boast. A city may be venerable with age and still the mention of its name awaken no special interest of any sort whatsoever. Such is not the case with Jerusalem. It has antiquity, for monumental records do not reach back to the date of its origin. It has never sunk into obscurity or oblivion; on the contrary, it has always played a conspicuous part in human affairs; and many enthusiastic souls of our



THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM

own time think they have reason to predict for it a glorious future.

Why should this particular ancient city receive such marked attention? How is it that these ruins of many centuries, these vast heaps of rubbish, this isolated mountain town, should appeal so strongly and strangely to a well-nigh universal feeling of reverence? What is the wonderful charm that attracts thither every year thousands of busy men and women from every part of the globe? Such a pilgrimage costs time and money, it is attended with many hardships; yet ten thousand people annually visit that distant shrine, and the number of those that would gladly do the same, but are prevented, cannot be told. People talk with enthusiasm about Jerusalem; and why should they not? If one spot on earth enlists universal attention, if its name awakens universal reverence, if men's thoughts of it are universally elevated and often idealized, there must be a reason for it. Three thousand years ago it was spoken of as "beautiful for situation," "the joy of the whole earth;" and to the last of these expressions certainly there has always been and still is a universal and approving response.

Jerusalem, as we study it, presents, unlike other cities, a strange blending of sentiment and fact, the one as sad and humiliating as the other is lofty and inspiring. The traveler leaves his pulpit or his Bible class in America, and turns his face to the far East whither his heart has gone before him. He crosses a great ocean, a broad continent, "the Great Sea;" he touches Egypt, but is not long detained by its splendid monuments, temples, and tombs; he gives a glance at Jaffa the "beautiful," rising from a wilderness of green; his eye sweeps over Sharon, with its miles of flower-covered fields; he climbs the mountains of Judea, and at last reaches the spot where centers so much that is sacred in history, so large a part of all that is tender and spiritual in his own religious experience and hopes. It is a proud moment of his life, and little does he realize that he is about to undergo, almost immediately, a sort of faith-trial. Great pleasure awaits him, but also much pain, for the Jerusalem of today is far from being the Holy City of his religious dreams.

Before he reaches the gates his disappointment begins. The signs of even a mediocre prosperity are wanting. Ruins are abundant on every hand. Houses look uncomfortable, if not actually dilapidated and forbidding. Animals seem ill-fed and



JAFFA GATE

wretched, while many of the dogs are starving. The streets are crowded with all sorts and conditions of men, to say nothing of beasts, and the noises are disagreeable and confusing. The people are poorly clad, some of them are in rags, and beggars are numerous. Evidences of oppression, ignorance, superstition, degradation, poverty, filth, are overwhelming and offensively apparent, revealing a state of things very different from what he had hoped to find. The struggle for existence under the most adverse conditions seems to be going on before his eyes in a way that he has never seen in happy America and never thought could be possible anywhere. This is our friend's first glance at the city, and he thinks that possibly or, perhaps,

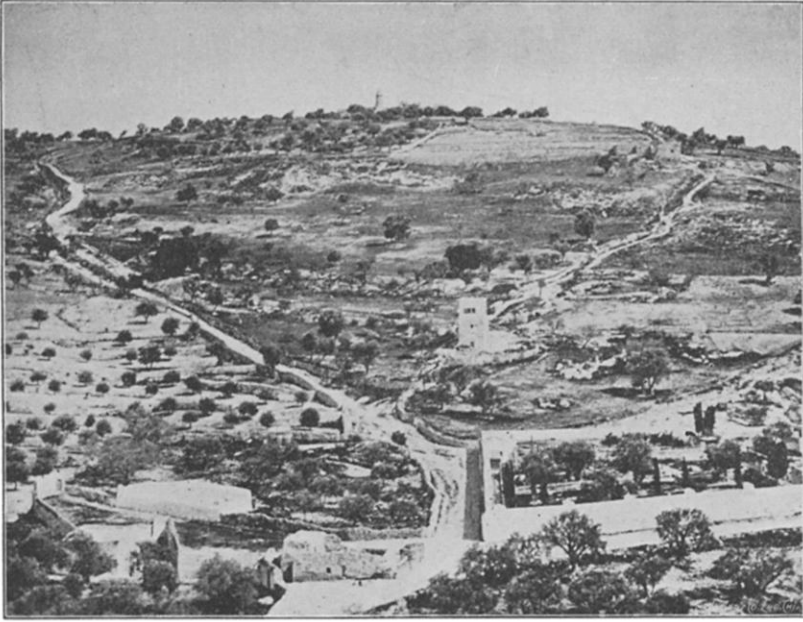
certainly he is deceived. But a second glance, even a minute inspection, has the same result; he finds that Jerusalem is a small, dilapidated Turkish town, remarkable for its narrow streets and filth. Moreover, the country about it is everywhere rough and neglected, a sad relic of a land once "flowing with milk and honey." Domestic animals are sure to attract his attention. No societies exist for their protection, and their condition excites the greatest pity. Dogs are kicked by everybody, while horses, donkeys, and camels are underfed, overworked, and beaten with sticks and clubs in the most cruel manner.

Furthermore, he is almost bewildered by the strange people that crowd the streets, and among whom he has frequently to elbow his way; their costumes and features, their manners, their speech—it is a motley crowd, it is a Babel of noises, something which words cannot describe. Over forty languages are spoken among Jerusalem's fifty thousand souls. The nationalities and races represented it would be difficult to count. They make insignificant the long list of the Day of Pentecost.

He is particularly interested in their occupations: shoemakers and other petty artisans in the open street; barbers wielding razors in the midst of jostling crowds; auctioneers, money changers, drink vendors, and buyers and sellers of every description. Women come in laden with wood and vegetables to be sold for a pittance in the market. The market place is full of noisy dickerings, shouting, screaming, and fighting, for the street quarrels that arise over so small a thing as the value of half a cent are numberless. White-turbaned Mohammedans sit in the streets about the coffee shops, where one pays a cent for a tiny cup of coffee and smoke included. Processions of priests, monks, or nuns pass to and fro. Jews "keep shops," do white-washing, "tinker," and sell poor *arak*, the worst kind of a tangle-foot intoxicant.

Our friend soon learns that the arts of deception have here reached their full development. Dishonesty in mild or flagrant form is practiced by everybody. Great crimes are certainly wanting; banks are not robbed, but the poor and helpless, widows, orphans, peasants, and the like, are constantly defrauded.

Profanity is a universal habit; profanity and vulgarity are mingled with the speech of the common people to a degree unknown among any other people on earth. In this respect the state of things is simply shocking. Untidy homes and uncleanly



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

personal habits are the rule. Sanitary matters are neglected, and over the disgusting consequences a veil must be drawn. Like every other visitor from civilized lands, our friend repeats the exclamation of surprise that this city is not visited by the plague.

This, then, is the place that he has come to visit—the Jerusalem that he loves—where out of the hearts of men and women the ordinary feelings of humanity have been crushed, where the position of woman in the social scale is low, where men are cruel, where rulers are oppressors—in a word, where “sin abounds.”

This phase of Jerusalem is, as we have said, sad and humiliating, but it was necessary to look at it if our study of the place was to be an honest one. These facts are certainly dark,

but as we advance we shall find other phases that are pleasanter to contemplate.

Within twenty-five years past there have been changes in this old city which indicate a certain kind of progress. In that time the population has nearly doubled. Then it was not safe to live outside the walls; now a large section north and west of the city is covered with new buildings. Then the largest dry-goods store in Jerusalem measured ten feet by twenty, and a good part of that space was occupied by counters; now there is a considerable number of respectable shops, and the variety of goods is correspondingly large. Ten years ago there were here (in the country) no carriage roads except the rough cart path to Jaffa; now the Jaffa road is a good thoroughfare, and so is that to Bethlehem and Hebron, and the one leading to Bethany and Jericho. Just now another has been completed, leading from the city north and northeast, by way of Scopus, to the Mount of Olives, "built," it is said, "for the German emperor." Formerly everybody went about on foot or on donkeys; now even the poorest ride in carriages, since the usual price for a ride is two cents. In the same time the number of hospitals has greatly increased; there are now no less than a dozen large hospitals, besides half as many small ones, affording accommodation of this kind out of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. If we add poorhouses, asylums, pilgrim houses, convents, and the buildings of the many religious orders, we have a city unusually provided with means for a certain class of the needs of its population. Churches and schools have likewise multiplied, and some of the latter are deserving of the highest commendation. Great predictions were made respecting Jerusalem when, in 1892, the railroad between it and Jaffa was opened; it was thought that the city would become at once a center of vast commercial importance. The road is certainly a great convenience for travelers and pilgrims, but the small income from this source does not insure dividends; does little, in fact, toward lifting the road from hopeless bankruptcy. Fifty-four miles of railroad cannot alone make a place a mart of commerce.

It is true that the city has paved streets, carriages outside

the walls, one railway "limited" in many senses, hospitals, and schools, and many other buildings erected and maintained by foreign capital; and there are many conveniences and signs of life which did not exist a quarter of a century ago. On the



DAVID STREET

other hand, the wealth of the leading families has been dissipated, the number of poor people has increased out of all proportion to the growth of the city, the taxes are more burdensome, beggars are more numerous and just as persistent; the place has no water supply and no proper sewerage, for no sewer can be flushed; the unbearable dust of summer becomes the unspeakable filth of the rainy season; and one hundred and fifty liquor saloons are doing their work, while a bookstore or a newspaper does not exist.

With our earnest Christian friend from America we have

studied Jerusalem as it is, and find its condition very backward and, in some respects, quite mediæval; the signs of misrule, ignorance, poverty, and sin being evident everywhere. At the same time we note with pleasure that during the past twenty-five years there have been decided changes for the better. But after all the favorable things that can be said of the city, it is still totally unlike our friend's ideal Jerusalem.

What a wonderful place his ideal Jerusalem would be! A beautiful city, with broad, clean streets and abundant shade; neat, attractive houses, with gardens and fountains of water; the climate delightful, and a perfect sky always looking down upon a lovely earth; everybody truthful and unselfish, sincere, thoughtful, and reverential; a place of great quiet and peace; a place where spiritual life was developed in its most symmetrical form and in the highest degree.

No doubt this seems extravagant, but the writer, after having conversed with thousands of visitors to the Holy Land and asked what opinion they had previously formed of Jerusalem, feels that he has the strongest ground for asserting that in the minds of some, possibly of many, persons only the ideal city exists.

Was this picture ever true? Does any part of it correspond to historical reality? The fact is that Jerusalem was never a quiet city; nearly every chapter of its annals has chronicled bitter factional strifes or terrible wars and endless bloodshed. There certainly exists a feeling, more or less prevalent, that because Christ lived and died in Palestine it ought now to be a land of holiness and peace; that if its people do not exemplify the highest type of Christianity, there is some defect in Christianity itself. This is quite gratuitous. Christ's being crucified in Jerusalem did not regenerate the city. It was unfriendly to him before his death, and it continued to be so after that event. The idealist constantly thinks of Jerusalem as the place that accepted Christ, whereas the contrary is true.

Above the ruins of the city, above the stones and filth of the streets, above the sufferings of man and beast and everything that disturbs us, there is a Jerusalem made famous by some of the most memorable deeds in history, by the lives of some of

the noblest men that have ever lived. Here we find a vast array of realities of quite another character than those that first arrested our attention. As with our friend we overlook this *other* city, what a world-panorama is unfolded before us ! Splen-



GENERAL VIEW OF JERUSALEM

did eras of political power, stores of uncounted wealth, commerce that reached the most distant seas, long catalogues of famous men, and social life and royal pomp that attracted the queens of the earth ; all the nations of antiquity pass by—Assyrians, Babylonians, Persians, the wild Parthians, Egyptians, Syrians, the cultivated Greeks, and the warlike Romans ; kings and their armies cover these sacred hills ; we are in the presence of the last resting place of millions upon millions of men. There is the plain of Rephaim, where David beat back the invading Philistines ; there is the Bethlehem road, along which rebellious Absalom passed to usurp the throne of his royal father ; there is the valley of Hinnom, with its horrid rites ; yonder the valley of Jehoshaphat, with its myriads of graves ; and there the

Mount of Olives, lifting itself in quiet majesty and beauty toward the sky. There is the road where marched the army of Titus ; there is the spot where the Tenth Legion, once Cæsar's own, encamped ; there stood the palace of Herod, with its beautiful fountains and gardens ; and there is the pavement over which Christ walked when he was led away from Pilate's presence. We stand on the hill where rose the temple in its magnificence ; we touch the altar-rock where ran of old the streams of sacrificial blood ; we visit the place where died the first glorious martyr of our faith ; we go down into the valley where Christ prayed in agony ; we kneel with prayerful lips and throbbing hearts on Calvary, where our Lord was crucified ; we pause on the gentle mountain slope whence he ascended to heaven. It is with reason that we exclaim : "What a place is Jerusalem," "what a wonderful past," "what a marvelous blending of events sacred and profane !"

Our friend is soon to return to his home, to meet again his Bible class, to tell of the many places he has visited and of all that he has learned. He will tell them that no other place on earth presents such contrasts as Jerusalem ; on the one hand the deepest misery and sin, and on the other the blessed presence, the death, and resurrection of Christ. He will tell them that this contrast is a source of inspiration. Jerusalem is a type of the world that Christ came to redeem. The world cannot be saved by rejecting Christ, but by accepting him. He will tell them how his sense of the need the world has of Christ has been quickened ; how his conviction of the futility of trying to redeem the world by any other means than the great atonement has been intensified ; how his view of the importance and value of missions has been enhanced ; that his eyes have seen some of the great things that have been accomplished in the name of the Master, and that the future is full of hope ; how also his idea of the nobility of all Christian work has been exalted. We feel sure that our friend, after his visit to Palestine and Jerusalem, will teach Christ and him crucified as never before.